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Rehearsal Script

Project No:
0234/2033

'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 4H

by

Louis Marks

'Planet of Evil'

(Working Title)

EPISODE THREE

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CAST:

THE DOCTOR
SARAH JANE SMITH
SALAMAR
VISHINSKY
SORENSEN
DE HAAN
MORELLI
ASTRONAUT

NS. EXTRAS

SETS:

Ext. Rock Area.

Int. Command Area
Quarantine Berth
Corridor
Sorenson's cabin
Sickbay

TELECINE:

Ext. Jungle
Other Universe
Probe in space (model shot)

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TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM: Opening
 Titles:

END TELECINE 1:

1. EXT. ROCK AREA. DAY.

(REPRISE.
THE DOCTOR,
WATCHED BY THE
OCULOID TRACKER,
TURNS)

AB

THE DOCTOR: No...No, you
don't understand! I want
to help...to help!

(HE GIVES
A CRY AND
FALLS BACK...
DOWN INTO THE
POOL OF NOTHING
...VANISHES.

END OF REPRISE)

2. INT. COMMAND AREA.

SARAH: Doctor!

(SHE SWINGS
FROM THE
MONITOR)

Do something!

SORENSEN: There is nothing
to be done. He has disappeared
into the vortex between this
universe and the next -

SARAH: No, not the Doctor -
he can't be dead -

SORENSEN: He has ceased to
exist. (TURNS) Night is
coming. We should prepare to
launch, Controller.

SALAMAR: I agree, Vishinsky,
see that Professor Sorenson's mineral
samples are removed.

SORENSEN: I forbid -

(SARAH, UNNOTICED,
IS LEAVING)

SALAMAR: Those minerals are endangering the safety of my command. They must be jettisoned.

SORENSEN: You arrogant fool! The whole purpose of your command is to get me and that positron material back to our cosmos.

SALAMAR: So that you can be hailed as the saviour of civilization? No, Professor, my orders were simply to find your party and render such assistance as might be needed.

SORENSEN: If you abandon that material you will destroy years of my work. For the last time -

SALAMAR: No, Sorenson. You are a civilian aboard a military vessel. There will be no further argument!

(SORENSEN
GLARES BUT
ADMITS DEFEAT.
HE TURNS TO
LEAVE)

AB

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Jungle. Day.

SARAH is hurrying
along under the gloomy
canopy, pushing breathlessly
and frantically through
the clinging, putrid
vegetation.

END TELECINE 2:

TELECINE 3:Ext. Other Universe.

THE DOCTOR is drifting
through nothing like a
free-falling parachutist.
Layers of swirling colours
form an intangible background.

DOCTOR'S VOICE: (ECHO)...to help...
If you let us go free we shall
take nothing. Nothing-nothing...

The voice echoes and
reechoes in the hollowness of
infinity. There is a night-
marish quality over the
whole scene...But now the
background seems to be growing
lighter and THE DOCTOR's
swimming movements seem to
be carrying him upwards.

END TELECINE 3:

AB

4. INT. QUARANTINE BERTH.

(DE HAAN AND
THE ASTRONAUT
EACH LIFT A
CANISTER)

DE HAAN: Carry it in, carry
it out! That's the Soace Service
motto!

ASTRO: They changed their
minds.

DE HAAN: They could've changed
their minds first. I mean
for a change.

ASTRO: The Controller
wants it carried outside
the take-off force field.

DE HAAN: Sure. It's only
another fifty yards!

(HE FOLLOWS
THE ASTRONAUT
OUT)

5. INT. CORRIDOR.

(SORENSEN STEPS
BACK AS A DOOR
SLIDES OPEN.

THE ASTRONAUT
AND DE HAAN
LUG THEIR
CANISTERS AWAY,
THE LATTER
STILL GRUMBLING
PEEVISHLY)

DE HAAN: Half my service I'm
flying one way, the other half
I'm flying back again. They
should pay me for staying
in one place...

(SORENSEN LETS
THEM CLEAR,
THEN GOES
TO THE DOOR
OF THE QUARANTINE
BERTH)

6. INT. QUARANTINE BERTH.

(SORENSEN
ENTERS. HE
CROSSES TO
THE CANISTERS,
LIFTS ONE,
LOOKS AROUND,
LEAVES)

7. EXT. ROCK AREA. DAY.

(SARAH SCRAMBLES
UP TOWARDS THE
ROCK POOL.

AS SHE NEARS
IT A HAND CRIPS
THE RIM OF THE
POOL.

THEN A SECOND
HAND)

SARAH: Doctor!

(SHE HURRIES
FORWARD.

THE DOCTOR
STARTS TO
DRAG HIMSELF
OVER THE RIM.

HE IS SPENT,
EXHAUSTED.
SARAH HELPS
PULL HIM
CLEAR)

THE DOCTOR: Hullo, Sarah.
Van Der Waals' equation of
state is completely wrong,
you know.

(HE COLLAPSES.
SARAH FUSSES
OVER HIM FRANTICALLY)

SARAH: Oh, Doctor, come on!
You must wake up...The spaceship's
leaving...

AB

8. INT. COMMAND AREA.

(DE HAAN ENTERS)

DE HAAN: All the canisters
are off the ship, sir.

SALAMAR: Good. Then we
will go for immediate take-
off, Vishinsky.

VISHINSKY: Commence pressurisation.
Commence countdown.

MORELLI: (FROM BELOW CONSOLE)
Countdown commenced.

SALAMAR: Pre-ignition checks.
Recall oculoid.

(THEY ARE BUSY
FOR A FEW
SECONDS. THEN)

VISHINSKY: Abort! Abort!

SALAMAR: What?

(VISHINSKY
INDICATES THE
SCREEN)

VISHINSKY: Look... the oculoid
picture. (cont...)

(SARAH IS TENDING
THE DOCTOR.

VISHINSKY
BENDS TO THE
SPEAKER)

VISHINSKY: (cont) Cut the force
field.

SALAMAR: Are you taking
command, Vishinsky?

(VISHINSKY, ON
HIS WAY FROM
THE ROOM,
TURNS)

VISHINSKY: Are you taking
command, Vishinsky?

(VISHINSKY,
ON HIS WAY
FROM THE
ROOM, TURNS)

VISHINSKY: We've got to bring
them in.

SALAMAR: There are higher
priorities than recovering
corpses.

VISHINSKY: He might not
be dead, Salamar. And the
girl certainly isn't...I'm
going out for them.

AB

SALAMAR: Very well but make
it fast. We must leave this
planet before night.

(VISHINSKY
EXITS.

SALAMAR TURNS
TO DE HAAN)

Prepare the sickbay.

(DE HAAN EXITS)

9. INT. SORENSON'S CABIN.

(SORENSON
HAS THE
CANISTER
OPEN.

THE DUST IS
GLOWING,
CHANGING
COLOUR BACK
AND FORTH.

HE IS JUST
COMPLETING
SOME MEASUREMENTS
WITH A SMALL
INSTRUMENT.

HE SPEAKS INTO
A RECORDER)

SORENSON: While still on
the surface of Zeta Minor,
within the stable environment
of the spacecraft and at a
maintained pressure of one
atmosphere, positron elements
showed a twenty per cent
increase in flux activity.
Extrapolating a geometrically
proportionate increase in energy
release the further the sample is
removed from the planet would
indicate a value substantially
greater than our previous theoretical
estimates...

(F/X GRADUALLY
INCREASING
TAKE-OFF NOISES.

SORENSEN
RUBS HIS
FACE AS
THOUGH DIZZY.

HE GOES ACROSS
TO A MIRROR
AND STUDIES
HIS FACE.

HIS EYES HAVE
VANISHED.

RED WHIRLPOOLS
OF ENERGY
LANCE FROM
HIS EYE-SOCKETS.

SORENSEN'S
HANDS GROPE
INTO A CUPBOARD
BELOW THE
MIRROR.

SHAKILY,
THEY PRODUCE
A BOTTLE OF
BLACK FLUID
AND A TUMBLER.

SORENSEN
POURS A MEASURE
OF THE FLUID.

IT SEEMS TO
STEAM AS IT
HITS THE GLASS.

HE SWALLOWS
THE DRAUGHT,
GAGS, STARES
AGAIN INTO
THE MIRROR...THE
RED POOLS
FADE. WE
SEE HIS ANXIOUS
EYES AGAIN)

AB

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TELECINE 4:

(Model Shot)

Ext. Probe. Day.

The oculoid tracker hovers
below the probe. A
hatch opens and the
oculoid enters the
craft. The hatch closes.

END TELECINE 4:

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10. INT. SICKBAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS
CARRIED IN ON
A STRETCHER BY
VISHINSKY AND
~~AN~~ ASTRONAUT.

VISHINSKY ATTACHES
INSTRUMENTS TO
HIM. SARAH
WATCHES ANXIOUSLY)

SARAH: He can't be dead ...

VISHINSKY: Electrofunction almost
non-existent ... Raise the stimulation
intensity.

(DE HAAN PURSES
HIS LIPS BUT
DOES AS HE'S
TOLD)

DE HAAN: That's way over the safety
margin.

SARAH: He moved!

(VISHINSKY QUICKLY
REMOVES THE
ELECTRODES)

DE HAAN: Don't expect too much.

SARAH: What?

DE HAAN: They often move under stimulation. It's just the nervous system.

VISHINSKY: No ... no, he's breathing.

SARAH: He's coming round!

(A BEEP FROM
THE WALL
SPEAKER. THEN)

SALAMAR: (V.O.) Vishinsky to Command Area. We are set for take off.

(VISHINSKY GOES
TO THE DOOR)

VISHINSKY: Keep his oxygen levels up.

SARAH: Yes ...

(VISHINSKY LEAVES
WITH DE HAAN.
SARAH FOLLOWS
TO DOOR)

Vishinsky ... thanks for helping.

11. INT. COMMAND AREA.

MORELLI: Pressurisation is complete,
Controller.

SALAMAR: Activate cyclo-stimulators ...

(VISHINSKY ENTERS
AND GOES TO HIS
PLACE AT THE
CONTROL CONSOLE)

Take control of the countdown, Vishinsky.

MORELLI: Gyro-stabilisers locked in.

SALAMAR: Prepare for ignition.

VISHINSKY: If we don't make it this
time we never shall ...

(ENGINE NOISES
INCREASE)

12. INT. SICKBAY.

(THE DOCTOR
SITS UP
SUDDENLY)

THE DOCTOR: What's that noise?

SARAH: Oh, Doctor, you're ... I think
we're taking off.

THE DOCTOR: Not unless they've got rid
of those canisters. I gave my promise
as a Time Lord -

SARAH: Yes, it's all right. They've
been dumped ... (STARES AT HIM) How
do you mean you gave your promise?

(THE DOCTOR RUBS
HIS HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: It's not easy to explain
...

SARAH: You're not saying you entered
another universe and had a chat with it?

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THE DOCTOR: I entered another ...
area of being and I communicated.

(HE SMILES AT HER
BRIGHTLY. THEN
THE CRAFT IS
JOLTED SHARPLY.
THE LIGHTS DIM)

They seem to be having trouble. Come
on.

(THEY HURRY
OUT)

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13. INT. CORRIDOR.

(LIGHTS LOW. GLOOMY.
THE DOCTOR AND SARAH
HURRY ALONG. WE PAN
UP TO THE DARKER END,
THE AFT PART OF THE
SHIP, AND SEE SOMETHING
INDISTINCT STIR IN THE
SHADOWS)

14. INT. COMMAND AREA.

(VISHINSKY AND SALAMAR
STARE FROM THE WINDOW.
THE SURFACE OF THE
PLANET IS RECEDING
VERY SLOWLY)

VISHINSKY: We're not going to make
it.

SALAMAR: Activate secondary launch
units.

(VISHINSKY OPERATES
LEVERS ON HIS
CONTROL PANEL)

VISHINSKY: The synchronisers are
hitting red.

MORELLI: Gravity reading still
increasing, sir.

SALAMAR: I want ten seconds at
maximum fuel burn.

VISHINSKY: That's dangerous. If it
doesn't work -

SALAMAR: You heard me, Vishinsky!
Ten seconds!

(THE DOCTOR AND
SARAH MOVE FORWARD.
THE DOCTOR GLANCES
SWIFTLY OVER THE
CONTROLS)

THE DOCTOR: Now what appears to be
the problem?

VISHINSKY: Gravity drag.

ASTRO: (REPORTS) Height thirty miles.

THE DOCTOR: That's more than gravity.
Are you sure there's no anti-matter
still aboard?

SALAMAR: All the canisters were
unloaded.

(THE DOCTOR BRINGS
HIS BAG OF DUST
FROM A POCKET)

THE DOCTOR: There's still this. My
lucky rabbit's foot.

SALAMAR: Your what?

THE DOCTOR: It's the only reason I
wasn't absorbed by the anti-matter ...
(cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Yes, that could become an important new area of science. Anti-rheology. You'd better get rid of it.

SALAMAR: Is there enough here to -

THE DOCTOR: The smallest amount could have an effect.

(SALAMAR CALLS
THE ASTRONAUT)

SALAMAR: Morelli, take this to the jettison hatch ...

TELECINE 5:
(Model Shot)

Ext. Probe. Space.

The Probe moving away
from the solitary planet.
WE PAN to show that it
is heading back towards
the glowing stars of
the galaxy.

END TELECINE 5:

15. INT. CORRIDOR.

(NO LIGHTS. ALL THE
POWER IS GOING TO
THE PROBE'S
PROPULSION SYSTEMS)

THE ASTRONAUT COMES
TOWARDS US. DE HAAN
STEPS FROM A DOOR
AHEAD OF HIM)

DE HAAN: Hey, Morelli,, when are we
getting some light down here?

MORELLI: When Salamar says we can
spare power for the generators.

(HE GOES ON BY
INTO THE BLACKNESS)

DE HAAN: Does he think the Command
Area's the only place anyone's working?

(NO ANSWER. DE HAAN
SHRUGS, TURNS BACK
TO HIS ROOM. THERE
IS A SUDDEN CRY
FROM DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
IT IS CHOKED OFF
ABRUPTLY. DE HAAN
STARES)

Morelli! ... Morelli?

(HE DARTS INTO HIS
ROOM, EMERGES AGAIN
WITH A FLASHLIGHT.
HE MOVES DOWN THE
CORRIDOR, THE BEAM
PROBING THE DARKNESS.

SOMETHING IS MOVING
THERE. THE LIGHT
PICKS IT OUT BRIEFLY.
SOMETHING HAIRY.
ALMOST A FACE. AN
INHUMAN SNARL.

DE HAAN STOPS,
SHOCKED. WHEN HE
SWINGS THE LIGHT
AGAIN THE THING
HAS GONE.

DE HAAN PLAYS THE
BEAM ALONG THE
CORRIDOR. MORELLI
IS A CRUMPLED HEAP
ON THE FLOOR.
DE HAAN HURRIES TO
HIM, ROLLS HIM OVER.
MORELLI IS A
BLOODLESS HUSK)

16. INT. COMMAND AREA.

VISHINSKY: Height ... two hundred miles. We're in free space, Controller.

SALAMAR: But drag is still increasing. I don't understand it.

THE DOCTOR: Then I suggest you search the ship.

SALAMAR: Why?

THE DOCTOR: There must still be some anti-matter aboard. It's the only explanation.

SALAMAR: All Sorenson's material was removed before take-off.

THE DOCTOR: I think you should make sure.

(SALAMAR IS SHOWING
SIGNS OF NERVOUS
STRESS)

SALAMAR: It could be due to a fault in the fuel system. A false reading -

VISHINSKY: It isn't that, Controller. We are expending fuel at thirty units over norm - at this rate we'll never reach the stellar systems.

SARAH: You mean the ship will be marooned in space?

THE DOCTOR: If it isn't vapourised first ...

SALAMAR: What?

THE DOCTOR: A nasty little habit that anti-matter has in collision with matter. It's called radiation annihilation - a release of energy a hundred time more intense than nuclear fission.

SALAMAR: I tell you there is no anti-matter on this ship!

THE DOCTOR: And I tell you there is!

(DE HAAN ENTERS
HASTILY)

DE HAAN: Controller, Morelli's been killed!

SALAMAR: What? How?

DE HAAN: Some kind of animal ...

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VISHINSKY: An animal? There's no animal here in the Probe.

DE HAAN: It was in aft walkway three. I saw it ...

VISHINSKY: (INTO SPEAKER) Restore all walkway lights. (STANDS) All right, De Haan. Show us.

(NO SCENE 17)

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18. INT. CABIN.

(A HAIRY, WART-STUDDED SORENSON
POURS AND DESPERATELY
SWALLOWS ANOTHER
MEASURE OF THE
BLACK LIQUID. HE
LETS HIS HEAD SINK
INTO HIS TALONS.

WHEN HE STRAIGHTENS
AGAIN AND LOOKS IN
THE MIRROR THE
MISSHAPEN BEAST HAS
ALL BUT GONE.

THE DISTINGUISHED
SCIENTIST STARES
AT HIS REFLECTION
IN ANGUISH AND FEAR)

SORENSON: It's all gone wrong ...
so wrong!

(A CALL BUZZER SOUNDS.
SORENSON DEPRESSES A
SWITCH)

Yes?

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VOICE: (FILTER) Report at once to
Aft Walkway 3. Controller Salamar
wants to see you.

SORENSEN: What for? Why -

(BUT THERE IS A
CLICK AND THE
COMMUNICATOR
GOES DEAD.
SORENSEN LOOKS
WORRIED)

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19. INT. SICKBAY.

(VISHINSKY IS
CHECKING MORELLI'S
BODY WITH AN
APPARATUS LIKE A
CRYPTON TUNER
PLUGGED IN AT
VARIOUS POINTS.
THE DOCTOR AND
SARAH ENTER AS
HE ENDS HIS POST
MORTEM)

VISHINSKY: The pathology read-out is identical to the others. Total dehydration ... even the bone marrow and lymphatic fluids.

SARAH: Then that means the ... the thing from the planet has got aboard somehow?

" (VISHINSKY UNCLIPS
HIS APPARATUS)

VISHINSKY: It looks that way ... though I don't know how. Our force field was never broken.

THE DOCTOR: Was the force field operating the whole time you were on the surface?

VISHINSKY: All the time the entrance hatch was open. It's phased to cut in automatically.

(HE PRESSES A
SWITCH. THE
ALUMINIUM TRAY
HOLDING MORELLI
SLIDES INTO A
WALL CONSOLE)

SARAH: It must have got aboard, Doctor. It's the only possible explanation.

THE DOCTOR: No, there is another possibility ... Though I hope I'm wrong.

20. INT. CORRIDOR.

(SALAMAR WITH SORENSON.
DE HAAN HAS A SCANNER
AND IS COMBING THE
AREA)

SALAMAR: You're a scientist. You must
have formed some theory.

SORENSON: All the deaths have been
caused by some power we don't understand.
A technology unknown to us. That would
seem to implicate the Doctor and the
girl.

SALAMAR: Why?

SORENSON: They are aliens.

SALAMAR: But they were both in the
Command Area when Morelli was killed.

SORENSON: (SHRUGS) You asked me for
a theory. I don't know how they're
doing it but that machine in the
quarantine berth might contain the
answer.

(SALAMAR NODS
THOUGHTFULLY)

21. INT. SICKBAY.

(VISHINSKY DIALS A
NUMBER ON THE
COMMUNICATOR)

VISHINSKY: Crew records ... What
denomination was Morelli?

THE DOCTOR: Is this the autopsy
print-out?

VISHINSKY: Help yourself ... One of
those, huh Manderan Orthodox.

(EH SELECTS THE
APPROPRIATE CASSETTE
FROM A FILE, SLIPS
IT INTO THE CONSOLE)

SARAH: What are you doing?

VISHINSKY: Disposal procedure ...

(STRANGE MUSIC. HE
CUTS THE SOUND TO
ZERO)

We may have to play the last rites but
we don't have to listen.

(HE REACHES FOR THE
EJECTOR BUTTON)

TELECINE 6:

(Model Shot)

Ext. Probe. Space.

A hatch opens in the
base of the craft. We
hear the music faintly.
Then the body of
Morelli is ejected.
It lies on a simple
projection unit which
jets briefly as the
corpse and the
spacecraft part company.

END TELECINE 6:

22. INT. SICKBAY.

VISHINSKY: Another good soldier gone
to the greatest army of them all...

SARAH: You've sent him out into
space...to drift forever...

VISHINSKY: It's clean and tidy.

SARAH: It's horrible.

THE DOCTOR: (SMACKS REPORT DOWN)
That prones it. Vishinsky I want a
medical check on every body aboard the
ship.

VISHINSKY: Why?

THE DOCTOR: Because somebody is
being affected. They are no longer
human.

(HE STARTS TO EXIT.

SALAMAR ENTERS WITH
SORENSEN)

SALAMAR: You're not going anywhere
Doctor.

SORENSEN: We want to examine that
machine of yours.

THE DOCTOR: Sorry. I only entertain friends in the Tardis.

(SALAMAR TAKES HIS
GUN FROM ITS HOLSTER)

SALAMAR: I believe you to be responsible for all the deaths that have occurred. I shall kill you and the girl without compunction.

SARAH: Thanks a bunch! (TO DOCTOR)
That's what you get for helping people.

THE DOCTOR: Discouraging, isn't it?

VISHINSKY: What is all this? The Doctor risked his life on our account...

SORENSEN: That was a ruse to gain our confidence.

SALAMAR: His real intention is to destroy us.

THE DOCTOR: Why?...You must give me a good motive.

SORENSEN: The colonists of Lyra are as desperate as we are to find new energy sources. My discoveries on Zeta Minor would be of immense value to them.

THE DOCTOR: At the risk of defeating your ego, Sorenson, your so-called discoveries are of no value to anyone. There is no practical way of exploiting antiquark energy.

SORENSEN: You're wrong! I've
devoted a lifetime's work -

(THE BLEEP GOES.
AN URGENT VOICE -)

ASTRO: (V.O) Controller Salamar!
Calling the Controller!

SALAMAR: What is it, Reig?

ASTRO: (V.O) We're in trouble,
sir. The ship's stopped moving!

SALAMAR: Have you gone mad?
That's impossible!

22. INT. COMMAND AREA.

(THE ASTRONAUT
LOOKING BEWILDEREDLY
AT HIS CONTROLS)

ASTRO: I say again, sir - the
progress register has stopped! We're
making no headway.

SALAMAR: (V.O) I'm coming up!

23. INT. SICKBAY:

SALAMAR: (TO DOCTOR) You come with us. Professor, watch the girl...

(HE EXITS WITH
VISHINSKY AND
THE DOCTOR)

SARAH: You don't need to. I'm not going to jump out.

SORENSEN: Your...friend. What is his field?

SARAH: Field?

SORENSEN: Of science.

SARAH: Oh...just about everything. He's brilliant.

SORENSEN: He's a dogmatic nincompoop. And he's wrong! He has to be wrong.... antiquarks come in three configurations... exactly as I predicted, mark you! All my theoretical calculations have proved correct...Of course we shall find a way of exploiting the energy!

SARAH: I'm not arguing.

24. INT. COMMAND AREA.

(SALAMAR AND
VISHINSKY
CHECKING THE
COMPUTER DECK)

VISHINSKY: Reig's right - we're
stationary.

SALAMAR: I don't understand...It's
crazy...The thrusters are still at
full power!

THE DOCTOR: The answer's really very
simple. (THEY LOOK AT HIM) You've
come to the end of your piece of
elastic.

SALAMAR: What are you talking about?

THE DOCTOR: It won't stretch any
further. In fact very shortly it will
start pulling us back.

SALAMAR: Nothing can do that -

THE DOCTOR: Anti-matter can. I've
been saying all along there is still
some aboard. This proves it.

VISHINSKY: You mean the ship will
be dragged back to Zeta Minor?

THE DOCTOR: Faster and faster - and unless you find that anti-matter there's no way to stop it. Until we hit the surface, of course. Then we'll stop.

SALAMAR: You're trying to divert attention from what's really causing the trouble...

THE DOCTOR: What's that?

(SALAMAR BRINGS UP
HIS GUN)

SALAMAR: You. You and whatever's in that machine...Something that's draining the power from the ship.

THE DOCTOR: Ingenious but technically impossible.

SALAMAR: We'll see. Take charge here, Vishinsky.

(HE PRODS THE
DOCTOR, MOVES HIM
OUT OF THE COMMAND
AREA AT GUNPOINT)

25. INT. SICKBAY.

SORENSEN: Anti-matter is simply matter
composed entirely of anti-particles
so the hypothetical energy available...

(HE RUBS HIS FACE,
STAGGERS SLIGHTLY)

...is...is stupendous.

SARAH: Are you all right?

SORENSEN: (TURNED AWAY) Yes...Yes,
I'm...

(HE LURCHES TO
THE DOOR.

SARAH, SUDDENLY,
IS FROZEN TO THE
MARROW. HER
PHYSICAL
SYMPTOMS ARE
IDENTICAL TO
WHATEVER OCCURRED IN
EPISODE ONE WHEN
THE INVISIBLE MONSTER
WAS IN CLOSE PROXIMITY.

SORENSEN EXITS. SARAH
RECOVERS SLOWLY,
TRYING TO MAKE SENSE
OF THE EXPERIENCE...
PERHAPS, WITH DAWNING
INTUITION, STARING
AT THE DOOR THROUGH
WHICH SORENSON
BLUNDERED)

26. INT. CORRIDOR.

(WE ANGLE TO SHOW
SORENSEN'S FEET
MOVING AWAY FROM
THE DOOR.
GRADUALLY HIS
FOOTSTEPS SLOW.
HIS BREATHING
BECOMES HOARSE
AND ANIMAL-LIKE.

THE FEET STOP, TURN,
START TO RETRACE
THEIR STEPS TOWARDS
THE DOOR OF THE CABIN.

ANGLE TO SHOW DE HAAN
BACKING ON HANDS AND
KNEES FROM A SIDE
PASSAGE. HE IS STILL
SCANNING THE METAL
DECKING WITH A
DETECTOR INSTRUMENT.

GLANCING ROUND HE SEES
SORENSEN'S CIVILIAN
STYLE SHOES AND
TROUSERS BESIDE HIM)

DE HAAN: Sorry, Professor. I didn't -

(HE GLANCES UP AND
HIS EXPRESSION
CHANGES TO ONE
OF SHEER TERROR.
HE STARTS TO
SHRINK BACK)

27. INT. SICKBAY.

(SARAH HEARS A STRANGED
CRY. SHE GOES TO
THE DOOR)

28. INT. CORRIDOR.

(SARAH STEPS INTO
THE CORRIDOR AND
LOOKS ALONG IT.
SHE CAN HEAR
SCUFFLING AND
HOARSE ANIMAL-LIKE
SNARLS. THE LIGHT
IN THE CORRIDOR
IS NOT GOOD. SHE
STARES INTO THE
GLOOM, EDGES FORWARD
NERVOUSLY)

29. INT. QUARANTINE BERTH.

(SALAMAR MOTIONS
THE DOCTOR TOWARDS
THE TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR: Your interest in my
Time Machine is most flattering
but I fear we are wasting valuable
time.

SALAMAR: Open it.

(THE DOCTOR SIGHS
AND REMOVES THE
KEY FROM HIS NECK)

THE DOCTOR: Externally, as you see, it
resembles a London Police Box of the
mid twentieth century but I think
you will enjoy the interior.....

(AS HE STARTS TO
UNLOCK THE DOOR
THERE IS A SCREAM FROM
SOME WAY OFF. THE
DOCTOR SWINGS ROUND)

THE DOCTOR: That's Sarah!

SALAMAR: Don't try and tr-

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(THE DOCTOR FLINGS
HIM ASIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Out of my way, man!

(HE BOUNDS OUT)

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30. INT. CORRIDOR.

(SARAH, HAND TO MOUTH, PRESSED AGAINST A WALL, EYES STARING.

HER POV: A SHADOW
PLAY ON THE WALL
AROUND THE CORNER.

A HUNCHED AND SHAPELESS
BEAST BENT OVER A
LIMP FIGURE. MORE
ANIMAL SNARLS AND
GLOATING NOISES)

THE DOCTOR: (V.O. DISTANT) Sarah!

(THE MONSTER SHADOW
FLICKERS AWAY.

SARAH CREEPS FORWARD
TO THE CORNER.
WE HEAR RUNNING
FOOTSTEPS AS THE
DOCTOR APPROACHES.

SARAH LOOKS ROUND
THE CORNER AND
STIFLES ANOTHER
GASP.

DE HAAN'S FREEZE-DRIED
HUSK LIES ON THE
GROUND. SHE BENDS
OVER HIM.

THE DOCTOR COMES RUSHING
UP)

THE DOCTOR: Sarah - what happened?

SARAH: I don't know. I didn't see it properly - the thing, whatever it is -

THE DOCTOR: Antiman...

SARAH: What? Antiman?

THE DOCTOR: That has to be the answer! A hybrid creature that's running amok - uncontrollable -

SALAMAR: (BEHIND THEM) De Haan!... You've killed De Haan!

(THE DOCTOR TURNS,
SEES THE RAISED
GUN, SALAMAR'S
RAGE-TWISTED
FACE)

THE DOCTOR: Don't be a fool! Get back, Sarah -

(HE PUSHES SARAH AWAY
AS SALAMAR FIRES.
THE BOLT OF LIGHT
HITS THE DOCTOR AND
HE COLLAPSES)

SARAH: Doctor!

(SHE RUNS TO HIM
OBLIVIOUS OF
SALAMAR SWINGING
THE GUN UPON HER.

VISHINSKY IS INTO
FRAME AND PULLING
THE GUN DOWN BEFORE HE
CAN FIRE)

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VISHINSKY: Wait! No...

SALAMAR: They've killed De Haan!

VISHINSKY: Something's Killed De Haan -

(THE DOCTOR IS TRYING
TO STRUGGLE UP.
HE IS HALF CONSCIOUS)

SALAMAR: We've got to get rid of
them before they kill us all, Vishinsky.

(HE CALLS TWO CREWMEN
FORWARD)

Take them to the ejector!

(SARAH AND THE
DOCTOR ARE
DRAGGED UP)

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31. INT. CABIN.

(SORENSEN RETURNING
TO NORMAL AFTER HIS
NASTY EXPERIENCE
IN THE CORRIDOR.
HE SWALLOWS A
SECOND DRAUGHT OF
THE BLACK BREW TO
STABILISE HIS
FORM...RETURNS
THE GLASS WITH
SHAKING HANDS.

INADVERTENTLY HE
KNOCKS THE BOTTLE
OVER. IT FALLS
TO THE FLOOR, ITS
CONTENTS GURGling
OUT.

SORENSEN GIVES A CRY
OF DESPAIR AND GRABS
THE BOTTLE UP. HE
SEES THAT IT IS ALMOST
EMPTY, HE TURNS
AND STARES ANXIOUSLY
AND BESEECHINGLY INTO
THE MIRROR.

THE RED FIRE
EFFECT BEGINS IN
HIS EYES.

SORENSEN GROANS AND
HOLDS HIS HEAD. IN
DESPAIR, HE THROWS
HIMSELF DOWN ON HIS
BUNK)

TELECINE 7:

(Model Shot)

Ext. Probe. Space.

The ejection hatch
under the craft opens
slowly.

END TELECINE 7:

32. INT. SICKBAY.

(SARAH AND THE
DOCTOR SIDE BY
SIDE IN EJECTOR
TRAYS. THE
DOCTOR STILL ONLY
HALF CONSCIOUS.

SALAMAR PRESSES
A BUTTON)

SALAMAR: Prepare to eject.

SARAH: You can't do this! It's
murder!

VISHINSKY: She's right. We've
no evidence.

SALAMAR: How much evidence do you
want? The whole crew dead? Eject!

(VISHINSKY DOESN'T
MOVE.

SALAMAR RUSHES HIM
ASIDE AND PULLS THE
EJECTION SWITCH
THE TRAYS HOLDING
THE DOCTOR AND SARAH
MOVE SMOOTHLY INTO
THE CONSOLE. ON
SARAH'S FRIGHTENED
FACE)

TELECINE 8:

SUPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

FADE OUT